EXILES
TM

Latveria. A small Eastern European country under the rule of Victor Von Doom--

--known in most circles as DOCTOR DOOM.

It is currently under siege...

...by the armies of Atlantis. Led by their monarch Prince Namor, they plan to secure Latveria as a surface world colony.

It is Namor's first major step toward world domination.

If he is not stopped, all the human inhabitants of this land will die--

--and Namor will successfully continue his campaign until the majority of the planet Earth is under his control.

That is where the Exiles come in. To prevent this troubled timeline from occurring, they must aid Doom in reclaiming his Kingdom.

With the Latverian army encased in a force field, most of the team, including Blink, Sasquatch, Morph, Nocturne and Sunfire-- along with Doom-- have made a play to free them.

The other obstacle the team must overcome is in Doom's own castle. Atlanteans have seized Doom's technology and are moments away from restructuring the air in and around Latveria-- making it possible for Atlanteans to breathe on the surface--

--and asphyxiating all human and animal life in the region.

Stopping that from happening--is Mimic's job.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT

PART TWO

SIX STRANGERS, EACH A HERO FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO ENSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! BLINK — TELEPORTER; MIMIC — POWERED BY HIS REALITY'S X-MEN; SUNFIRE — MISTRESS OF FLAME; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; SASQUATCH — GREAT WHITE BEAST OF THE NORTH; AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE

EXILES

Mimic has found himself deep within Doom's Castle, facing a veritable battalion of Doctor Doom's **Doom Bots**. All of which have been reprogrammed to heed their new Atlantean master's orders.

Calvin Rankin is in for **quite** a battle.

Among heroes-- especially the **super heroes** that have dedicated their lives to fighting evil-- there are subjects they **only** discuss amongst **themselves**.

Their lives are about **conflict**, about outwitting or overpowering a foe.

It is a way of life. They are **soldiers**.

They never admit it to... well... **regular** people.

But it's true-- across the board-- it's the absolute **truth** for **each** and **every** one of them.

They really get off on a good fight.

Especially a fight with robots or androids.

Contraptions that never had **parents** who **loved** them. **Things** that never had a **moment** in their lives when they were innocent. "Overbred microwave ovens with armaments" as **Morph** likes to call them.

A super being can **really** cut loose on something like that.

Especially Mimic.

Ignoring that the man possesses the abilities of an entire team of mutants.

Disregarding the fact that he has the skills to defeat scores of opponents at one time.

Lately, Mimic has become more and more frustrated with the fractured existence he has been forced to live--

--and he welcomes the opportunity to take it out on someone... or something.

BOOOOM!

And for just a moment... he feels better.

HUFF-- HUFF-- HUFF-- HUFF-- HUFF... HUFF...

Okay, Cal... let it go... Let that chunk of Wolverine's berserker mode *fade* away... let his healing factor go to work on the fatigue that's *kicking* your butt...

...you *still* have to disable that device that will change the air and kill all those innocent Latverians... they need to get back to happily living under Doom's iron fist...

HUFF-- HUFF-- HUFF-- HUFF-- HUFF...

But, that respite is just for a moment.

I have no idea *who* or *what* you are--

--but, surface-dweller, you *will* perish at my hands...

Meanwhile, at the battle to free the Latverian Army...

s--some kind of... *disrupter*... having trouble... staying solid...

...the son of e%^&# lied to us... too *many*...

You're *damn* right he *lied!* We're going to get *killed* out here!

I gave you as *much* information as I deemed *necessary.*

You deemed necessary?!?

They have us outnumbered a *hundred* to one! You said it was a *small regiment!*

What the *hell* were you thinking?!?

Doom does *not* need to explain himself to the likes of *you.*

Oh My God, you *just* don't *get* it!

You need to realize--

--you *need* to get it through that *thick*, narcissistic, egomaniacal *skull* of yours that you are a breath away from *losing* your *entire* precious, fascist *autocracy!*

And *we* are the only ones on this godforsaken planet who are *willing* to help you! Lying and getting us killed *won't* get the job done!

And *secondly*, metal #$%@, *you're* not in charge--

--I AM!

You will refrain from laying hands on Doom.

Stop with the threatening or I'll pull your arms off

You okay?

I will be in a minute. It's *practically* worth it to hear *everyone* slap down on Doom like he cut gym class

No biggie

Says *you*. *Any* other time, any other *world*- he'd murder *all* of us for giving him this much lip

We could *sure* use *Calvin*

I know. I never would have sent him if I knew we were going to be in *this* deep

I'm sure he's having a much easier time than the rest of us

BA-KOOM!

Mimic thinks about Namor's strength level. The prince is in the same power league as Thor and the Hulk

Calvin runs just a little below half that

KWOOM!

He also thinks about the Namor from his own reality

Prime Minister Namor Ruler of Atlantis. Long at peace with the surface world

And like so many of the upper echelon heroes of his world. .

...Namor is a friend.

You don't have to do this Killing a million Latverians won't help the cause of Atlantis. It will just bring on even more war.

Wait! Namor, stop!

I can not *imagine* on what know edge you judge the *welfare* of *my* country Atlantis has been ravaged time and t me aga n by you and yours...

...but I *do* agree with you-- it will bring on *greater* and greater wars

Ware where *Atlantis* will be victorious

And the *million* ground craw ing Latverian *scum* that suck away the life of this planet-- of my seas--

--they will just be the *first* m ion to fall, suffocat ng to the earth.

Death only brings on *more* death, Nam--

Even with Northstar's super-speed at Mimic's disposal, he barely saw the punch coming

CRACK! BOOM! CRACK! CA-CRACK! CA-CRACK! CRACK! CA-CRACK! CRACK! CA-CRACK!

So much for diplomacy

You will do nothing for Atlantis, but *die* as all your kind will--

--*die!* We will

Where.. ?

Fine. *Fine.*

Don't solve anything. Just comp ete the *mission.*

You can *keep* this world. *Namor. Doom.* Whoever.

CRA-RA-RAAACK!

We'll tie up your damned loose ends, and let this t me-line eat itself some *other* way.

BY THE SEAS!

OPEN FIRE!

AAAA

You have won *nothing* but death and the furthering of my *wrath!*

CRACK!

Earth will be *ruled from below!*

The surface will know the life of *enslavement!*

Those who survive will live to serve us as *dogs* and *concubines!*

And freakish beings such as *you*--

--we will mount your heads on our *walls* and wear your *skins* on our backs!

BLAAAM

BRAK!

CRASH!

It has always been *our* world, surface dweller!

Now is the era when we *claim* it!

That's not happening

NO!

BAR BOB

AAAAARGH!

By Neptune! The heat! AAAAHH!

Funny I don't feel a thing.

You make me sick

All of you make me sick!

BOOM!

Every @#%$ damned world we *go* to-- I find *you!* Friends, family, heroes-- the gods that walk like men!

And you have been *perverted* and twisted by your own *power!*

All gone bad! Your hearts are full of rage!

Greed!

Murder!

Keep your miserable planets! *Have* them!

Kill your children! *Destroy* your worlds! I *don't* care anymore!

You *hear* me-- *all* of you-- *you hear me?!?*

I don't care--

--ANYMORE!!

Forty-three minutes later.

The force field was downed. A battle was waged. Latveria reclaimed its sovereignty.

That was a ***squeaker***. I thought we were all going to that superhuman *Valhalla* for sure.

You can say that again. I think we all owe Sunfire about a ***million*** drinks for pulling us out of this one.

Amen.

Hey, there's your boy.
Where?
There.
Why isn't he flying...?
...geez... and why's he all red?
God, Calvin, are you alright?!
I'm fine.
I was in a fire. I don't feel it through the steel skin.
I go to flesh, I'll burn. I'm too heavy to fly.
I'll be okay in an hour or so.
Okay.

A tale brought to you by...

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